

There are times that try men's souls . . . times, in fact, that will try anything once. Now that we're being subjected to a four-year re-run off *The Apahiticu* Walk Among Us, it is especially important that you cast your votes in our Monster Poll as soon as possible. Remember: This land is your land/This land is my land/This land belongs to you and me.

Being Part II of researcher Gary Gerani's exciting, thrill-a-minute history of all those well-known classics we've all seen countless times already.

Printed on U.S.A.

[illegible]



filmed on location at Point Conception, Calif. The production manager was Don Chapman, an associate of Florida producer Ivan Tors, another of whose colleagues, Rixon Browning, portrayed the Black Lagoon Creature and directs second-unit underwater scenes. I assume the budget was slightly under or over \$50,000, which means nothing when a film's entertainment value relies largely on a dramatic background and a straightforward plot with little room for irrelevant distractions.

#### A SINISTER SEASCAPE

From the beginning, the picture takes full advantage of the gloomy beauty of the Point Conception area, with its dull



Herself Jeanne Carmen approximates an expression of horror and revulsion when she leaves her bath the film and her career career have only about 10 minutes to go.

gray sky and bleak coastal terrain. A mood of inexorable dread is subtly pervasive, even during the first twenty minutes, which mostly examine the habits and personalities of the key characters.

The opening shot is a high angle view of a ramshackle, windwrecked lighthouse, a secure but isolated outpost at the foot of a hill facing the watery realm that covers three-fourths of the earth's surface. Foreboding music rattles with alarm as long like fingers rise up over an aloof rock and snatch away a battered rounded dish. The dish, a moment later, is suitably tossed back. The lightkeeper, Sturges, emerges from his house. Waiting to his left, Sturges warns off a pair of trespassing fishermen. It is evident that he knows only too well about what he has used them from encountering.

In the village, townspeople gather around a storm-torn boat containing two very dead fishermen, bloodless and decapitated. "I bet old Sturges knows more than he'll tell," grumbles a man, while constable George Mason urges the crowd to disperse so that men with stretchers can get the bodies "on ice" in the back of merchant Kochek's store. Kochek, an unimpaired gossip, subscribes to the belief of the early settlers that a monster inhabits the white cliffs near the lighthouse.

Sturges' daughter, Lucy, a fetching blonde waitress, dates a young biologist named Fred, whom Lucy later tells the gossipy townspeople behind her father's alteration from the world. Her mother took ill while he was helping a ship in distress and died because their doctor refused to brave the storm. Caught

exploring one of the caves near the lighthouse, Lucy had been packed off to boarding school and only this year had been allowed to come home. Fred and Lucy make casual love on the beach while Doc Jorgensen performs autopsies on the dead fishermen. "If we were living in the 18th century," says the doc, "I'd swear they were victims of the guillotine. Throat, trachea, esophagus cut straight

across. In short, the heads were severed from the trunks." "Looks to me," says Kochek, "like the work of some urban beast. Are you not familiar with the legend of the Monster Of Piedras Blancas?" "That's an old wives' tale and you know it," chides Mason.

#### THE MONSTER MAKES HIS MOVE

After her date with Fred, Lucy walks to the lighthouse and goes in to the impulse to take an after-dark swim as nature. The Monster's ribcattered claw reaches out to paralyze her undergarments until Sturges' calls for Lucy prompt her to scamper out of the water. Casually, Lucy tells Sturges she had a feeling she was being watched. Mention of "heavy breathing" angers Sturges and he sends her to her room.

In town, the Monster gains entry to Kochek's store, and the last thing Kochek sees is the face of the horror whose existence he has acknowledged all his life. The next morning, the villagers hold a double funeral for the fishermen, while little Jimmy, a boy with a hunch on one leg, enters the store and sees Kochek's feet behind his desk. Jimmy hobbles to the cemetery, and sighs. "Mr. Kochek didn't have any hand." A search of the store reveals a curious gilt that had somehow gotten attached to one of the

shoes on Jimmy's feet. A guard, Eddie, is assigned to put Kochek in the ice room while the funeral continues.

Sturges lies at the bottom of the cliffs, injured from a fall. Lucy summons Fred, Jorgensen and Mason, who help Sturges into the lighthouse. Fred's endeavor to explore the caves is interrupted when Mason jumps him and, back in town, they see a crowd of people follow a man carrying the tarpaulin-covered corpse of his little daughter. "Her mother sent her to the store," manages the father, before tears stream down his grief-contorted face.

Everyone converges on the store. Mason enters the ice room, calling for Eddie. A throaty roar precedes his scurrying. Mason barrels out of the room wounded as the Monster lurches out with a grisly trophy—Eddie's head, chalk white and mutilated. A small posse is organized. Fred and Mason soon find the head in a cave. Fred shoots a molting crab as three men shout and exit. Another man is dead and one injured.

Fred and Jorgensen complete their analysis of the Monster's gill, cataloging its characteristics. Seafloor being amphibious, the thing operates primarily on an sense of smell, apparently, he remained in the ice room, knowing that "food" would be there for the taking. A heated debate follows. Mason wants the Monster destroyed. Fred and Jorgensen

# THE FIEND THAT WALKS LOVERS' BEACH!

MAN-MONSTER FROM THE SLIMY DEPTHS!

## THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS

HE PREYS ON HUMAN FLESH!



This rare example of preschool art from THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS catches the slimy man-monster in the act of preying on some human flesh.

Meanwhile, on the Lovers' Beach, Jeanne Carmen and Dan Seltman share a brief stylistic moment as they pose the submarine in a bathtub up on a little deep. Seltman, modestly, took production from Fred like this and went on to star in TEENAGE ZOMBIES



would rather have it settled alive and sent to a university for scientific research.

# LE MONSTER C'EST MOI

Sturges, whose thinking on many things has taken a new perspective since his fall, tells Lucy that in a way, he is the one responsible for the murders. While exploring the Monster's cave, he heard the same heavy breathing moments before the tide entered and he dove to safety through a narrow fissure. Out of pity for the creature, he left it fish, then meat scraps. "All these years," shadows Lucy, "you've been feeding this—whatever it is!"

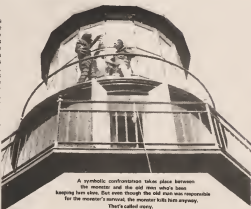
The Monster's hulking shadow appears across Lucy's bedroom window as she strips for bed. The Monster breaks into the house and abducts the girl. Sturges hurls down an oil can, goading the Monster to chase him up the tower steps while Lucy runs for help. Sturges bemoans the chances to the catwalk, but the Monster breaks through and flings him to the rocks below. Fred seizes the Monster with a flashlight, ordering Lucy to switch on the beam. Totally blinded, the Monster loses its balance and the force of Fred's shotgun blast causes it to plunge over the railing.

Of the players, all of whom are good, John Harmon as Sturges stands out. A hit

The monster takes a long time to climb the stairs up to the tip of the lighthouse which he will eventually throw the old man off of. That's called suspense.



With so many areas of endeavor closed to him, this is the only way THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS can get a head in the world. Incidentally, THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS appears frequently on TV. That's called suspense.



A symbolic confrontation takes place between the monster and the old man, who's been keeping him close. But even though the old man was responsible for the monster's survival, the monster kills him anyway. That's called irony.

performer usually cast as assorted weaklings, Harmon takes us into the unenviable world of a man cut off from society by professional requirements and out of a lifetime stemming from past grief, who is so cut off that for years he lets himself live next door to a hideous thing that could any night destroy him in his sleep. Consciously or unconsciously, he regards the deadly monster he tries ineffectually to appease as a fellow outcast driven to sink deeper into the labyrinth of loneliness. When Lucy mentions "batty breathing!" and Harmon freezes in his rocking chair, the chill of realities unfaced or unrealized hits home.

Harmon's dialogue describing his tenuous relationship with the Monster is an eloquent synopsis of Sturges' tortured life style and is the only opportunity for Sturges and Lucy to regain their closeness, before the beast physically assaults the realm of his alienated benefactor and sets out to rape his most valuable possession.

Lon Tremayne and Forrest Lewis as Doc Joopetson and Constable Matson are both veterans of the vintage years of radio. Tremayne, no stranger to theater trailers and commercial voice-overs, was "The Whistler" of radio and TV fame. Blustery Lewis, a slick and snideball copy in the contemporary Disney fantasies, on "I Love A Mystery," initiated Peter Lorne's voice as convincingly his name had to be credited on the air to distinguish between the two of them.

Don Sullivan, a rather appealing young man who was the teenage hero in a number of cheapie duds that shall remain nameless (Not by us Lucy won't—they were THE GIANT GILA MONSTER and TEEBAGE ZOMBIES—Ed.) was adequate as Fred.

Director Irwin Berkwick, whose judgment in select crowd-sourcing and economically devised camera setups made the hour and twelve minutes go by like a breeze, achieved a competent marriage of dialogue scenes and visual shorthand. Instead of letting the Kevan monster parade all over every scene after an allotted length of token building up, Berkwick chose to reveal the Monster gradually—first a claw, then an arm, followed by its silhouette gliding across the walls of harshly lighted buildings on a deserted street—saving for last the Monster's face, silhouette and horrendous, at the door of Lucy's room.

Berkwick's son, Wayne, responded well to his dad's direction as the handicapped Jimmy. Under the fright suit was an intrepid fellow named Pete Dunn who, perhaps as a joke as well as to save money, doubled as the ill-fated Eddie. Every half hour, he had to remove the "beach-taking" costume or slacks.

THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS appears from time to time on late afternoon "thriller" programs with such regularity that the "New York Times" TV critic for the regional channels tends to ho-hum "him again." All in all, the movie is a beautifully crafted "cat" picture although my personal admiration for this showcase for Kevan's Keweenaw Creature is largely psychological. Certainly there have been more violent, more bloodthirsty films—which today seem to constitute the majority—ones with more overtly or deliberately evil settings, yet THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS is always the one I think of when my mind drifts through the hundreds of horror movies I have seen and the question is raised to me: "What's the scariest one you ever saw?"

"You dirty bum!" snarls Rescue Rat. "You got my brothers Wilford and Ben, but you ain't gonna get rat!" This scene, which resembles a typical Fun City fantasy, is actually from one of the Perry Rhodan pulps. Looks like a job for Rescue Rat...



PULP ADVENTURE STILL LIVES!  
(In Germany)

# THE RHODAN REPORT

DWIGHT R. DECKER

A long time ago, when American kids were considered young, innocent and patriotic, there were no comic books to rot their minds. Strange as it may now seem, back in the 1920's and 30's, no all-American boy could walk to a newsstand and read a comic book.

What he could read, however, was a fat, oversized paperback, commonly called a "pulp magazine." They told the exciting adventures of such American heroes as Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Spider, The Avenger and Fu-Manchu. These pulps, unfortunately, went down the same drain as did innocence and patriotism, and an American newsstand hasn't carried pulp magazines in many a year.

Germany, on the other hand, has no comic books, so they rely on pulps to keep their young, innocent and patriotic kids in line. And the chief hero of the German pulps is a fellow by the name of Perry Rhodan, who has recently made his way to America via the paperback route. In its never-ending quest for world-wide coverage, TMT's German Bureau Chief, Dr. Dwight R. Decker, filed this report on Perry and his pals.

## Pulp novel.

Say it! "PULP NOVEL!" What's a pulp novel? Don't be ashamed if you don't know—it only means you're less than forty years old. Pulp novels were what your father had to hide from the teacher in the days before comics. The teacher undoubtedly thought those awful, cheap pulp novels would rot his sensitive, delicate mind.

Even if pulp novels did not hit his mind, he probably enjoyed them anyway. Pulp novels were monthly (sometimes bi-weekly) magazines usually featuring imaginative, exciting tales of high adventure, Westerns, crime stories, space adventure spics—they were all there on the overcrowded newsstands.

They're almost all gone now, and what few remain are no longer recognizable as the old blood 'n' thunder story magazines they once were. They're trying to be respectable. Some of the old pulp heroes are still around, though, being reprinted in paperback, DOC SAVAGE, G-8 & HIS BATTLE ACES, THE SHADOW, THE SPIDER. But even though no new pulp novels are being written, just pronouncing the name (which refers to the rather poor grade of paper on which they were printed) evokes all kinds of images of line wheeling fantasy and adventure. The kind of thing that isn't being written these days.

Some say that the comics killed the pulps—took too long to read a DOC SAVAGE when you could polish off a SUPERMAN in no time. It's a good theory, and made all the more credible by one fact—the one major European country with no comics, industry to speak of is cranking up pulp novels!

## CAN'T BEAT THOSE BLOODY PULPS

That's right—those old bloody pulps, thought dead in the country for three decades, are still alive and looking (and punching and bleeding) in West Germany. The newsstands are loaded with multi-color "pamphlet novel" (as the Germans call them) covers, entourning sense adventure fiction dealing with doctors, lovers, cowboys, detectives, spics... and yes, science-fiction. They're not quite as flamboyant as the old American pulp novels of the thirties

were—they're a little smaller (about 6" X 8"), generally run only 64 pages, and are printed on thinner, better-quality paper.



Here's a sample cover from a Perry Rhodan pulp magazine. We don't know exactly where he's going... but even if it's nowhere, you can bet he'll get there fast!

If the American pulp novel industry had stayed afloat, its product might today resemble the German.

In any event, the Germans seem to like to read about Americans. A good chunk of the spics and detectives in their "pamphlet novels" are Yanks. Jerry Coffey, for example, is an FBI Agent. Space Ace Rex Corda started out as an American Senator, was elected President of the United States in passing, and

stepped right on up to big pay as President of the World. No telling where he would have gone if his series hadn't died. Most surprising is Die Schwarzwe Fledermaus (THE BLACK BAT), a Chicago crimebuster who dresses up in a bat-suit to fight crime—not only is the character supposed to be American, he's American. The German series of weekly BLACK BAT adventures is borrowed outright in every detail, though updated, from the American BLACK BAT that ran in BLACK BOOK DETECTIVE for fourteen years beginning in 1939.

Another "American" hero is PERRY RHODAN, "The Man To The Universe," as he's billed in German.

If you're reading this at the newsstand, take a look over at the paperback racks. (Or if you're sitting in the comfort of your room, surrounded by your comic book stacks and the Fawcett posters on your walls, bounce on down to the friendly neighborhood newsstand where you buy TMT and Superman.) You'll probably see at least one or more of the fourteen different now-in-print American paperback reprints of PERRY RHODAN. Some even have covers by TMT's own Gray Morrow, so you won't have a bit of trouble spotting them.

If you're read any of the paperbacks, you know that the American edition is edited by Forest J. Ackerman, who is well-known in the monster and SF fields. You also know that the title character is Major Perry Rhodan, an American astronaut who met up with some shipwrecked aliens on the Moon. After making a deal with the aliens and borrowing their incredibly advanced technology, Rhodan returned to earth to stop the various power blocs from blowing each other up. That taken care of, Rhodan and his friends have set off into interstellar space to carve out a galactic-empire for the united Earth. All

manner of adventures in deepest space are waiting for him. Is it literature? Hardly. Is it science fiction? Well, it's not Helsen or Asimov!

It's space opera! The rocket's red glare and all that. Mutant, monsters, and madmen. You don't worry about it being realistic or probable, you just relax and enjoy it. It's fun, and that's what the pulps were all about.

Is it successful? You better believe it! Just listen to this:

#### HAD TO LAUGH

"When the series was started in 1961, we had to laugh at the optimism of Karl Herbert Scheer, one of Perry Rhodan's co-writers, who maintained that the series would reach a 100th issue. The publishing company regarded Perry Rhodan as an experiment that might run thirty issues at the most. But, then came Perry Rhodan..." This statement was published on the "Reader Contact Page" (see other words, the letter column) in the 400th weekly issue of PERRY RHODAN. When I left Europe in the middle of June of this year, the old boy was already past #550 and still going strong.

By American standards, a success on this scale is really something to talk about. Not even DOC SAVAGE or THE SHADOW published so many issues. It also suggests that Fory's going to have to be going some to reprint everything. He's up to his fourteenth book now, VENUS IN DANGER, which is a reprint of VENUS IN GEFAHR, PERRY RHODAN pulp novel #20.

Even if your English teacher isn't going to like PERRY RHODAN, your math teacher is. If the German publishers continue to publish a new PERRY RHODAN adventure at the rate of one a week, and if Fory continues to publish a new reprint at the rate of one a month, how long will it take Fory to catch up, assuming that at the beginning of the problem the Germans are at #550 and Fory is at #20, and further assuming Fory skips or condenses one out of every five adventures? (Answer next issue!—GC)

That's also assuming Fory ignores everything else that's ever been written about Perry Rhodan and, over the space of eleven years, there's been quite a lot. Perry's been a spectacular success even by German standards, and Moevitz, the name of his publisher, has played the good major for everything he's worth.

Under the watchful eye of the publisher more than 600 Perry Rhodan fan clubs have been formed, and conventions of Rhodan-fans (Rhodanists?) are commonplace. A

second-string hero in the Rhodan series, Atlas, got his own magazine and has now over fifty issues chronicling his adventures, which are intertwined with the Rhodan series itself. Further, nearly 100 paperback books have been published which deal with the Rhodan characters and myths. These books are not reprints of the magazines, but original novels in their own right.

All told, 25 million words have been written about Major Rhodan.

Putting it another way, that means you've got a 51,000 page supermovel in front of you if you got hooked on it, like thousands of Germans already have.

#### PERRY AND THE PULP WRITERS

Of course, not even the legendary American pulp writers, who are reported to have been able to sit down at their typewriters and write whole novels in days, could have turned out PERRY RHODAN on an individual basis. No one writer could have written so much in even eleven years or have followed the rise of a galaxy-spanning empire in such detail. Rhodan has been the product of a whole team of writers, under the direction of his two creators, K.H. Scheer and "Clark Darlton" (real name, Walter Ernsting). Scheer is generally given credit as chief editor and the man responsible for working out the plot-outlines which the



Even the West German worship in American hell. They, of all people, should know better.

other writers sink out into stories.

Suppose you came in late on the regular PERRY RHODAN series? How do you find out what went on in the earlier adventures? If you're German, you read the reprints. Each week you can find alongside the new adventure the second and third reprint series, which are republished in consecutive order, running 224 and 321 issues behind the new stories

"Think fast!" exclaims Roland the Robot, about to smash poor Perry with a one-hole cover. "Hurry..." Winks Perry prophetically. First we give the robot the wire... and then they turn around and do something like that!



#### HE OUGHTTA BE IN PICTURES

Even with all this exposure, Moevitz Publishing decided that a Perry Rhodan comic book would sell, too. The result was PERRY RHODAN IN PICTURES, which recast the Rhodan adventures in comic form. The art was good, even if the stories read like how CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED would have adapted PERRY RHODAN. It was an interesting experiment, especially in Germany. West Germany has very few original comics—most comics available on the stands are badly-translated translations of American, French, and Italian imports. With the exception of the same company's FBI AGENT BRUCE CABOT COMICS, which didn't last long, PERRY RHODAN's comic was the only German adventure comic in existence.

It lasted only about twenty-five issues, and was replaced with Perry. Perry is notable for two innovations in the comic field: one is a hokey psychedelic drawing style of Kung and Buscema, winks mixed in exclamations of color and twisted panel shapes that positively defy reading, and the other innovation is naked ladies in comic strips.

Perry's readers have complained about the naked girls, complaining they cheapen the comic. (Censorship is not an issue—even the most respectable magazines in Germany now photograph of nudes on their covers. The twelve-year-old German boy who was sent a drawing of a naked girl in Perry is seeing nothing he hasn't seen a full-color photograph of already on the cover of STERN, the German counterpart to the American LIFE.) The editors answered the complaints in the letter-columns with a sort of typographical shenanigan, personally would rather look at pictures of pretty girls than at pictures of space-battlers.

But if space-battlers are what make you tick, and if you'd like to get in on the start of what's been thrilling German readers for eleven years now, you're cordially invited down to your friendly newsdealer's, where you can pick up some of the Ace Books editions of PERRY RHODAN!

And no doubt your newsdealer still thinks he hasn't sold pulp novels in thirty years!

respectively. It's a good idea to pick up on these, since the whole series is one vast continuing story.

There has been some talk of a fourth-printing which would be rewritten in some respects. In the first issue, Major Rhodan was clearly identified as the first man to land on the Moon, and it was stated he did so in 1971. That sounded great in 1961, but history caught up with science fiction a little too fast. The proposal has been made that in the fourth printing the first stories be altered to suggest that Rhodan was not the first man on the Moon, but merely the first one to get there via atomic rocket, and at some unspecified date. Nothing nearby has been heard about a fourth printing, and apparently the project has been shelved.

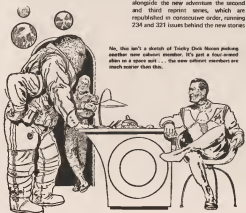
Meanwhile, Rhodan's adventures are now appearing in Holland, France, Japan, and the United States. Rhodan-readers will know why the series ought to go over very well in Japan!

The mark of success for the German pulp hero is to be made into a movie, and Perry Rhodan's status symbol is "SOS FROM OUTER SPACE." To date, however, it is the only Rhodan movie ever made, while Jerry Cotton, Kommissar X, and others in the spy/detective mold have all mirrored several. Perhaps it costs too much to make a convincing sci-fi flick—certainly the special effects in the Rhodan movie had the look of being done with Dinky Toys in a sandbox. The filmmakers took rather drastic liberties with the plotline set up in the first stories and replaced the political and military maneuvering, and the invasions from space so frequent in the first stories, with... gangsters.

The publishers then engaged one of their own writers (Ernsting) to write a novelized version of the screenplay. The resulting book resembles the original series only by accident, which shows German publishers are as quick at these anywhere else to capitalize on a good thing, even if the good thing is warped beyond recognition.

The movie itself can be occasionally seen on American late-night TV under the name MISSION: STARDUST. It is probably worth watching only for Swedish actress Eija Persson, who wears a pretty tight space-costume.

No, this isn't a sketch of Tinsley Dale Moon picking another new cadet member. It's just a four-armed alien in a space suit... the new cadet members are much more like this.



# The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



No. 1, Collector's Edition (Korg, Etc.), \$2. Monstrous premiere issue containing stories on the specers of King Kong, NOSFERATU, and DER GOLEM. Also, THE GHOULS, art by Bernie Wrightson and Gary Morrow, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Buck Rogers.



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For those of you who haven't noticed, Seymour, that self-professed Master of the Macabre and Fiend of the Freeways, has not appeared in TMT over the past few issues. We have, however, undergone a severe lapse of taste and are once again turning this space over to him. But before we get into Seymour's column this issue, we'd like to ask all of our readers who don't remember who he is to please raise their paws. Well... that seems to make it unanimous.

"Nobody up here likes me..."

## THE SINISTER SURGEON OR IT CAME FROM THE A.M.A.!

**H**ello Fringies, this is Seymour here, Master of the Macabre, Epitome of Evil, the most sinister man ever to crawl on all fours across the life-ravaged face of the earth, and I'm here, once again, to tell you about west coast operations.

But before I go any farther, I'd like to answer some cards and letters I've received inquiring about the Seymour column, or lack of it, in the past couple of issues of TMT.

Well, here's your answer, Fringies: I went on vacation. I took a trip across the country and back, stopping in such swell places as Seymour, Texas. I made a personal appearance at the local drive-in theater and cars were lined up for miles around waiting to get in the gates.

Now, where was I... oh, yes, we were talking about west coast operations... and speaking of operations, last week I performed one right on my show. It was a vocal chord tune-up performed on my assassin, Ejjesaki. Ever since I hired him, I've been bugged by his shrill, raspy voice. So I decided to do something about it. Here's a couple of pages out of the script and you Fringies can read for yourself (have a friend help you with the big words) what happened:

**CUT #6 (Open Segment 5:18)**  
**PROPS:** Operating table, various tools, cap and gown, a book called **SURGERY MADE SIMPLE**, set of teeth, harjo

**AUDIO:** "Operation Music"

(Opens on operating table, Seymour enters dressed as doctor)

**First Offscreen Voice:** Doctor, I've got a little pain in my neck.

**Seymour:** Take two aspirin and go to bed.

**Second Offscreen Voice:** Doctor, I'm running a temperature of 110 degrees. I'm constantly coughing and haven't eaten for a week.

**Seymour:** Take two aspirin and go to bed.

**Third Offscreen Voice (Girl):** Doctor, my whole body aches and I don't know what to do.

**Seymour:** Take two aspirin and I'll be right over... serious case. (PAKES) You see, it's easy to be a doctor. All you have to remember is the word aspirin and with this book (HOLDS UP "SURGERY MADE SIMPLE"), I, Seymour, will perform my first operation. Ejjesaki's still under... now, let's see... (LEAPS THROUGH BOOK)... appendectomy, gynecology, ah... tonsillotomy, vocal chord tune-up in six easy steps.



**SEYMOUR** poses with screenwriter Ed Port, celebrated author of the upcoming horror film, **OR, DEATH**. While we might not agree with everything **SEYMOUR** says, we've got to admit that he's looking more fideline by the day.

**Step One:** Be sure patient is unconscious. (TAKES OUT LARGE NEEDLE, JABS PATIENT).

**Offscreen Voice:** Ouch!!  
**Seymour:** (TAKES OUT HAMMER, HITS HIM ON HEAD)

**AUDIO:** GONG

**Seymour:** **Step Two:** Vocal chords are located in throat and can be reached through mouth. Well, I know that. (PHONY TEETH CLOSE ON SEYMOUR'S FINGERS).

**AUDIO:** SNAP

**Seymour:** (LOOKS AT TEXT). They were in the way anyway.

**Step three:** Using scalpel, carefully adjust vocal chords to desired pitch. Note: Do not confuse vocal chords with pharynx and larynx which are located in the same area.

**Step four:** Having completed this, with the forceps, gently return the patient's vocal chords to their proper place.

**Step Five:** With needle and thread, suture together any loose openings. Except the patient's mouth, of course, (SEYMOUR HAS OBVIOUSLY SEWN UP THE MOUTH, THEN CUTS IT APART), thereby covering up any mistakes you may have made.

**Step six:** "Now clean all instruments, replace them in doctor's bag... and while the patient is still unconscious, make out his bill. (STARTS TO FIGURE BILL). Parts and labor... \$500, consultation... \$250, anesthesia... \$300, etc. FADE OUT

Well, how did you like that... you didn't. You probably don't understand the big words and that's why you didn't like it. Anyhow, it doesn't matter, the operation was a failure!

However, don't despair yet! Later on in the show a most unusual thing happened... a delivery boy dressed all in green—that's green hat, shirt, and pants—came on the show and...

**CUT #9**  
**PROPS:** THE MONSTER TIMES, ZIT MAKER, FLOWER

**Seymour:** Gen. that was a swell move, anybody ends up with someone David and Linda are going back to San Francisco, Elaine and Brutus are waiting to Hawaii, and I've still got Eugene. Next week's film is... Now here's a little more...

**AUDIO:** OLD TIME MOVIE MUSIC  
**Seymour:** Was that a score, indeed that was a score.  
**AUDIO:** DOOR KNOCK

**Delivery Boy:** (SEYMOUR GOES TO THE WALL). Here's your copy of THE MONSTER TIMES personally delivered to your wall.

**Seymour:** That's unusual, a throwaway newspaper delivered by an elf.

**Delivery Boy:** You might notice the article you've written, Seymour.

**Seymour:** Of course, now I remember, you mean the MONSTER TIMES, the world's first horror newspaper for which I, Seymour, write a column from time to time every once in awhile, thank you for delivering the paper and allow me to give you a hearty handshake (TURNS TO CAMERA, PLACES ZIT MAKER IN HAND). Watch this (TURNS TO SHAKE HANDS).  
**AUDIO:** ZIT, ZIT...

**Delivery Boy:** (SHOOTS WATER AT SEYMOUR FROM PHONY FLOWER, AND THEN EXITS)

**AUDIO:** TINY LAUGHS  
**Seymour:** I never did trust those flower children. And now before I take that dread solitaire into the world that lies out there behind the slatted walls, this is SEYMOUR saying the next time someone tells you that you get nasty when you drink, push him right in the mouth! RAZZ... AND RAO EVENING. (EXITS THROUGH SLIMY WALL).

**AUDIO:** THEME AND ROLL CREDITS

Well, how did you like that... you didn't. That does it. I'm not writing any more today. You Fringies obviously can't recognize writing talent when you see it! (Stay tuned for more sickening Seymour in future issues of the beloved Monster Times. Ed.)



From left to right we see **OR, DEATH** producer Edie Sedgwick, unidentified face, unidentified technician, unidentified camera, and what's-his-name. Incidentally, there will be more about the making of **OR, DEATH** (who may be **Monsterville's** nearest neighbor) next issue.



Crawling out from his cramped and cobwebbed crypt with another lively scoop is TMT's moldy Media Editor R. Allen Leider. This time our roving editor—who, by the way, has been looking more lifelike every day—has all the inside info on what may finally be a worthy successor to Hammer Films' 1958 vampire classic, **THE HORROR OF DRACULA**. Entitled **DRACULA A.D. 1972**, this sequel ties the Count in to the Carnaby Street crowd and all kinds of madness and modernity. We'd also like to thank R. Allen for his tireless pursuit of this scoop, a remarkable achievement for a man in his condition. Like the sign over Mr. Leider's crypt points out: You don't have to be dead to work here... but it certainly helps.

In an election year anything can happen—including the ultimate revenge of the Prince of Darkness, Dracula. So it happens that a young, lecherous descendant of the gay Count from Transylvania—now Johnny Alcad, by name—organizes black magic at night and releases his grand-grand-dad from his peaceful sleep to get revenge on the descendants of the vampire-slaying Van Helsing family. Now, as any fool knows, Alcad is Dracula spelled backwards, (if you're not a fool yourself, send out for one and he'll explain it to you—Ed.) so we can expect some chills from not one but two Draculas in this super-horror flick the folks at Hammer Films have conjured up for a post-Halloween treat. Johnny Alcad (**CHRISTOPHER NEAME**) is a semi-rock-mod-singer type who swags with a with-it crowd of contemporary London kids, one of whom happens to be Jessica Van Helsing (**STEPHANIE BEACHAM**) the great-granddaughter of the original Prof. Van Helsing who, you may recall, dispatched Count Dracula back to the netherworld in the **HORROR OF DRACULA** in what was the most spectacular vampire

# DRACULA

## A.D. 1972



"I WANT YOU..." For the Legion of the Undead!" says the Count, always in search of young blood to bolster the pale white ranks of his organization. Dec's latest excursion into the World of the Living land in this case not only Living, but Swinging! is said by some to be his best since Hammer's 1958 carnivorous classic, **THE HORROR OF DRACULA**.



"Fly me to Transylvania... or else!"

Actress Caroline Munro seems a likely recruit to join the voracious vampire's ranks. Caroline's sedate, understated effort, incidentally, was followed by Jackie Ward of the Hammer war-rehe department... not what you learn in the Hammer Times!

Gremlin, about to howl his work on yet another midnighter victim, carefully selects the spot where the screen will be made. **DRACULA A.D.** marks Lau's fifth portrayal of the Count.



disintegration scene over. I can still see, and quite vividly, Christopher Lee crumbling into dust in glorious technicolor. But Dracula (**CHRISTOPHER LEE** again) has other memories of that day. He has had nightmares about it and has sought nothing but revenge ever since. Johnny gets the kids into witchcraft and soon there is a vampire cult within the teen community. The local Scotland Yard inspector (**MICHAEL COLES**) is baffled by the strange murders that soon occur, but the son of Van Helsing (**PETER CUSHING**) is not. He takes a quick refresher course in vampirism—as it was written by his dad—and recognizes the danger to London and his granddaughter, who is being swept up in the ever-growing witch-cult Johnny Alcad is recruiting for his diabolical relative. Meanwhile, Drac himself flies about London sampling some of the blood blots in the vicinity, particularly that belonging to Manha Hunt and Caroline Munro.

The fellow we have to thank for this delicious horror treat is screenwriter Don Houghdon. Tightly written and magnificently acted, **DRACULA A.D.**

1972 begins slowly and builds up to a terrific climax with Van Helsing and Dracula engaged in hand-to-hand combat in the loft of an ancient London church. Director Alan Gibson and producer Josephine Douglas have joined forces to make this 1972 Gothic vampire film of the year. The usual A-1 technical quality we expect and get from Hammer films is present, as well as a tense musical score by Michael Vickers. Lee Brown's special effects are also a definite plus for the film, which brings the Dracula legend to our very doorstep. Is... is that a knock at your door now???

Incidentally, the folks at Warner Brothers, who released the film in this country, gave us more than just a horror film with **DRACULA A.D. 1972**. There is also a pedigree to the film in which a relative of Dracula, clad in black cape and all the other evil accessories of his trade, swears at the members of the audience into the Dracula Society, which certainly represents a first in audience involvement. It also demonstrates that **DRACULA A.D. 1972** does not discriminate—it's intended for those viewers who aren't already vampires, too.

I talked with Christopher Lee on the Pinewood Studios set in London last spring during the filming of **NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT**, the first film produced by his own production company, Chatterbox Productions Ltd. I wanted to know what Chris thought about his frequent portrayals of the thirty Count Dracula and his answers were revealing. Incidentally, the remainder of our conversation will be appearing in a future issue of TMT. But now let's let Chris do the talking.

**TMT:** Do you find yourself constantly being identified as Count Dracula?

**LEE:** It's how one of the parts I play as fits in the audience's perception. Those people who do identify me with Dracula are the same in connection with mine as they are with hundreds of other stars.

**TMT:** Don't you get letters from fans who only know you as the Count?

**LEE:** Of course, but this is only much of the reason. Out of all the letters I get, and I estimate that I receive between ten and seven thousand letters a year on the average, and I was pointed out that that is an average over fifteen years in films, so you get some idea of how much mail I get. Anyway, out of all that mail, I would say probably less than five percent refer specifically to Dracula. The other 95%... and this is mail from youngsters,

# WE DARE YOU TO TAKE PART IN THE HORROR RITUAL

## The Count is back, with an eye for London's hotpants... and a taste for everything.



YOU actually participate in this occult initiation. YOU are transported onto the mysterious world of THE COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY. YOU will receive an



honorary membership card in this exclusive group. YOU will probably be expected to pay \$2 for this. Oh well...



Dracula descendant Johnny Alvarez (CHRISTOPHER REE) comes on the family tradition as he prepares to sink his fangs into still another subtle victim.

"Whore neck?" ponders the Count, contemplating the look-up behind him. But also behind him is Peter Cushing, playing Hammer's perennial B figure Van Helsing—who just can't seem to see Dracula's too tender flesh melt down ages. But don't worry. As Chris Lee himself so eloquently put it: "I'm not dead yet."



teenagers and adults, of all nationalities... 95% of them say basically the same thing. They say, "We like your work as an actor." Some even go into great detail and name all the pictures they've seen. They do not say, except on rare occasions, "I only know you and like you as Count Dracula."

**TMT:** How many times have you played the part?

**LEE:** That's the thing I've only played Dracula six times. That's six films out of one hundred and ten. This is what the press is constantly getting wrong. They do this because the Dracula pictures are the most successful pictures of their type to ever come out of this country.

**TMT:** Doesn't this type casting from the media deter you from playing Dracula?

**LEE:** Certainly not. I just finished my sixth film, *DRACULA A.D. 1972*. I enjoy any part that's good. I'm an actor. Nothing more, nothing less. Every actor at some point is identified with a role. I don't care if it's Humphrey Bogart in an old trenchcoat... you know what I mean... they are identified with the same thing... it becomes their press image. I have no objection to this... I'm not dead yet. But I want people to remember that I am an actor.

I'm sure the readers of THE MONSTER TIMES will have no trouble keeping that fact in mind. For Chris Lee is not only an actor but one of the most admired by fantasy film fans everywhere.

■ RAL

# FULL COLOR POSTERS

POSTERS by 78 x 32

FRANK FRATETTA

For comic and movie posters, the artist's style is a blend of realism and stylized, graphic, and colorful. He is a true artist who has a lot to say about the world.

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# THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

The Old Abandoned Warehouse is here! Now you can read and hard-to-find books about monsters, comics, pulp, fantasy and associated bewitching Black Sundays.

Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pausing Post Office isn't.

A. WERDOLF (Cover painting for CREEPY 6)

Salvatore Spadaro, an

through most of our

based on our

reality, I feel to present

the artist who has a

to be discovered

and

\$2.50

B. SHIN DYER (Cover painting for CREEPY 11)

There is the treasure

chest, spilling its riches

into the monster world

in which the usual old-time

has been lost

and the artist who has

to be discovered

and

\$2.50

C. WARDEN THE BARBARIAN

IAN W. THE CONQUEROR

(Cover painting for Paper-

back, with sword and

on horseback, looks

like a real warrior in

the role of a woman?

Is not the artist who

to be discovered

and

\$2.50

D. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

chest, spilling its riches

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in which the usual old-time

has been lost

and the artist who has

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E. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

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in which the usual old-time

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\$2.50

F. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

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in which the usual old-time

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G. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

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in which the usual old-time

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H. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

chest, spilling its riches

into the monster world

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has been lost

and the artist who has

to be discovered

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\$2.50

I. CORAN OF CIMMERIA

(Cover painting for Lancer

paperback)

There is the treasure

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# THE 1ST. ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL

When we first approached ourselves with the idea of running the first comprehensive, all-inclusive, official monster movie poll, we have to admit that our initial response was rife with skepticism and doubt. But we were not to be turned away so easily, it seemed and finally we gave in to our increasingly insistent demands and so here it is... the FIRST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL. So put your pen in claw and get ready to cast your votes in an election that really counts...

Now that the elections have come and gone again, we cordially invite all TMT readers to turn their minds from that horror and participate in something that really matters. Get yourself a pen or pencil or (if you must) a black crayola, sit down, relax, and cast your votes in THE FIRST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL. Now you can let everyone know who your favorites are and you can compare your choices with those of other fans all across the nation.

We realize that there are numerous ways to conduct such an affair and that there will always be some dissatisfied fiend around to voice his disapproval. Still, we have arrived at what we consider to be the fairest, most comprehensive sort of arrangement. Simply, rather than conduct the usual 10 best list, we have divided the personalities of monsterdom into the respective categories to which they belong. This way the competition will not only be keener, but more realistic as well. For instance, is it really fair or meaningful to pit such greats as Frankenstein, King Kong, and Godzilla against each other? For while you certainly might have a preference for one of them, it does make more sense to pit King Kong, say, against those of his own type—such as Mighty Joe Young, Konga, or even (Godzilla forbid!) his own son. If you then still feel the same way about Kong, you can still give him all the credit he deserves, without pitting Frankenstein or Godzilla. What's more, unlike the Miss America Beauty Pageant (and do you realize that in Russia they don't even have a Miss American Pageant?), this contest provides the opportunity to acknowledge not only the best or most popular, but also those films which maybe to a lesser degree have still managed to capture your interest and enthusiasm.

Isn't it fun to live in the free world?!

Continued on next page



## GODZILLA ★★★★ FOR ★★★★★ PRESIDENT

by Allan Brandman

Now, for a look at the rules. As you can see, there are 25 categories contained herein, and each category includes anywhere from 3 to 8 candidates from which you may choose your favorite. There is also allotted 15 points for you to distribute in whichever way you choose. Take the following example:

Favorite	Points	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	10	SON OF KONG
<input type="checkbox"/>	4	KING KONG
<input type="checkbox"/>		MIGHTY JOE YOUNG
<input type="checkbox"/>		KONGA
Write in _____		

We see from the above that this particular fan has selected King Kong as his favorite (by checking the space at the extreme left), but has also given credit to the other apes by dividing his 15 points into 10 for Kong, 4 for Mighty Joe Young, 1 for Son of Kong (and Kong receives none). Note also the space marked "WRITE-IN," which is specifically designed for those of you not fully satisfied with the candidates we have provided. In that space you may place any film which you so desire as it fits into the category (please don't commit such a blasphemy as including a creature like *The Blob* under the heading **HALL OF GREAT APES**, Kong wouldn't take very kindly to that). The write-in candidate can receive as many of your points as you wish and can be picked as your favorite as well if you like. So if some poor, misguided fan writes in **WHITE PONGO** (a 1945 opus about a white ape) as his favorite ape film, his choice will be duly recorded. REMEMBER: You have only 15 points per category, so use 'em wisely and well.

The results of this monumental poll will be tallied as soon as possible (allowing plenty of time for all of you to vote) and printed in an upcoming issue of TMT. And, just to add a little extra incentive, a winner will be chosen, based on a random drawing from all the entries received. That lucky individual will receive A COMPLETE SET OF MONSTER TIMES back issues, each and every one of them... and a MONSTER TIMES MONSTER BOOK BOX to keep them in—a million dollar value for nothin'! So be sure and get busy right away... cast your votes, plus the page (page numbers 13, 14, 19 and 20) and send it along to us. BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS and, please, just one entry per person.

And now, on with the Poll...

## PART I LARGER THAN LIFE MONSTERS

(Favorite) (Points)

### 1. LEAPING LIZARDS

- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS:** The best scary dog fun City-at least up until Casey joined.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE GIANT SKELETON:** TOS torpedoes London, London torpedoes TOS.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **GORGOL:** What more can a mother do to show her son that she loves him? (Sorry, London, it's your son again).
- \_\_\_\_\_ **GOOZILLA:** Scream! Scream!... fed on a diet of Tokyo cars, he's still the winner to beat... The King!
- \_\_\_\_\_ **GIGANTE:** "Don't make me laugh!" says Mr. G. Zilla. "I wouldn't even want an oxygen destroyer on my back."
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE BEAST FROM HOLLOW MOUNTAIN:** Only a pretty sorry creature could allow himself to be conquered by Guy Madison.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH:** This strange looking fellow from Venus must have really eaten his Wheatos to grow so much.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE VALLEY OF DRAGONS:** The star of the Wild West Show could easily put any cowboy to shame.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 2. HALL OF THE GREAT APES

- \_\_\_\_\_ **KING KONG:** The more still speaks for itself.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **SON OF KONG:** A pulchritude and not quite what you'd call a chip off the block, this avoidable little fellow's bark is worse than his bite.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG:** The ape that made it in New York City.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **KONGA:** That's right, you heard me!
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 3. DOT DEPARTMENT (Most Menaceous Bug Alive)

- \_\_\_\_\_ **THEM:** Awe is the parts and pretty darn terrifying.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE SCORCHING OF THE END:** The sight of these greenhoppers eating skyscrapers is a Kong almost match it all worthwhile.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE DEADLY MANTIS:** Lost his deciduous when he beat the Yulon.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE BLACK SCORPION:** This fellow made things hotter than ever south of the border.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 4. SPACESHIPS AND INVASIONS

- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL:** Unusually intelligent & menacing.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE:** Unusually intelligent & menacing.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **EARTH VS THE FLYING SAUCERS:** Down, but not very creative—no-movie earth should have lost this one out.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **INVASION FROM MARS:** Strictly for kids, if not infants.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **INVASION OF THE BODY SMATCHERS:** Ever hear of the word "paranoia"? If not, look it up.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD:** At least it tried to.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **WAR OF THE WORLDS:** H.G. Wells would be proud.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THIS LUNATIC EARTH:** Takes a whole group show, but it's worth it.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 5. UP FROM THE GARDEN

- \_\_\_\_\_ **DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS:** Trees with class, they begin their own liberation movement.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **NAVY VS THE NIGHT MONSTERS:** Even the chance of Mike Van Down couldn't save this little ship which was thoroughly sodded in one 11.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE THING:** A red shifter which proves that Matt Dillon isn't nothing without his gun.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **ATTACK OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE:** You won't catch me putting shoes on my snail—you've got to see them to believe them.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 6. STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

- \_\_\_\_\_ **ROQAN:** The best thing out of Japan since Godzilla, this bird did in the most ruthless death.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE GIANT FLAW:** More like a perhaps help that year ago and seemed how to fly.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE BIRDS:** Hitchcock's frightening fantasy about our new world leaders.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE FLYING SERPENT:** 71 million of pure, unadorned death.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

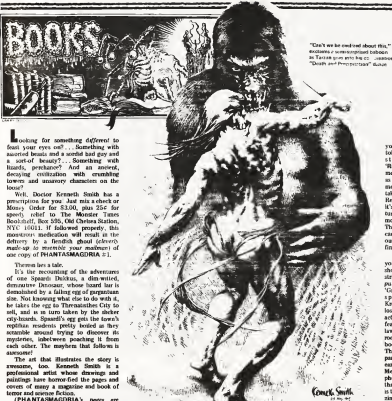
### 7. MUSHY MONSTERS

- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE BLOB:** Go get 'em, McDowell!
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE GREEN SLIME:** Very sticky business indeed.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE HUMAN:** The only advantage this Japanese slime has is its lack of dialogue.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE CRAWLING EYE:** Different, far-out, crazy, weird, and a little creepy.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_

(Favorite) (Points)

### 8. THE END OF THE WORLD

- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED:** If only it had ended a day sooner than this movie was released.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **DOCTOR STRANGELOVE:** Stanley Kubrick's black comedy delight about military psychosis born as self-destruction.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO:** Ray Milland freaks out for your viewing pleasure.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **FAILSAFE:** Is this terror thriller, Harvey Poulton as the president is faced with the dilemma of having to bomb his own country or engage in all-out atomic warfare.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **THE OMEGA MAN:** Clutter on the sea, down California city, comes two to face with some nasty remnants of giant war.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **ON THE BEACH:** No matter what they say about Stanley Kramer, this is still a thoughtful, moving commentary on war and the bomb.
- \_\_\_\_\_ **WORLD WITHOUT END:** Harvey for the frisky material Obscurus, an interesting idea, mixed by cardboard humans and special effects.
- Write in \_\_\_\_\_



"Can't we be evolved about this?"  
 explains a contemporary editor  
 as Tarzan goes into his CO. jungle  
 "Death and Prosperity" duels

Looking for something different to feast your eyes on? ... Something with assorted beauties and a scintillating hot guy and a sort-of beauty? ... Something with liars, predators? And an ancient, decaying civilization with crumbling towers and unsavory characters on the loose?

Well, Doctor Kenneth Smith has a prescription for you. Just mix a check or Money Order for \$3.00, plus 25¢ for speedy relief to The Monster Times Bookshelf, Box 256, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011. If followed properly, this monstrous medication will result in the delivery by a fiendish ghoul (eleven) made-up to resemble your mailbox of one copy of PHANTASMAGORIA #1.

Therapy lies a tale.

It's the recounting of the adventures of one Spanish Doctor, a cast-witted, dimwitted Dr. Doctor, whose board bar is demolished by a falling egg of gargantuan size. Not knowing what else to do with it, he takes the egg to Throatcatcher City to sell, and as it turns out by the shaker city-leads, Spanish egg gets the town's reptilian residents pretty heated as they scramble around trying to discover its mysteries, inbetween poaching it from each other. The mystery that follows is awesome!

The art that illustrates the story is awesome, too. Kenneth Smith is a professional artist whose drawings and paintings have adorned the pages and covers of many a magazine and book of terror and science fiction.

(PHANTASMAGORIA's pages are PACKED with perfection, each portraying the personal pride Ken put into this professional product.)

So give this ghoulie goodie a try. It might be just what the Doctor ordered. So here's some descriptions of other prescriptions from Fandom's medicine chest of magazines.

First-when, if you dug the ghoulie gals-on in those EC Comics that were glorified in THE MONSTER TIMES #10, you might go stark staring mad over Dale Ibrodum's magazine, THE LAIR OF MADNESS and WEIRD GRAPHIC FANTASY, since both mags contain amateur strips in a similar blood-curdling vein.

This delightfully disoriented issue by the name of Spanish Doctor is just one of the whimsical monsters conjured up by Dr. Kenneth Smith in PHANTASMAGORIA #1.

## Happy Fanzine-ing

BY JIM VADENBONCOEUR, JR.



Conch Smith  
 20 May 1970

Conch Smith  
 10 JAN 1970

Enter, THE LAIR OF MADNESS, you have to tip-toe past the mildly toll-free editor, then bring it on and you step out into the future of "Ripeness" where you run across monstrous machines and mutants as well as some far-out femmes and their menfolk. Another step into the LAIR takes you to Fairy Tale Land where Lil' Red 'n' up to her head in hot water. Then it's back to the future as a fern in the barrel brings you upon some monster mads and spaced-out mutants in "Freak The Thought". And on the way out you can watch the tables being turned on an outer space zame hunter in the mag's final strip "Hunted".

WEIRD GRAPHIC FANTASY takes you to the tune of \$1.00, but your extra shreds cover the cost of some full color strips in red-unity in Dr. Doctor publishing business. Ned Young, an of 'Gaiety' is truly in the EC Tradition as spacemen battle the BEAMS of Kometia-Four and you know who loses. The use of color really brings up the action. The second color strip also features the future, but this time the law-and-ordies are out to get the members of the secret set of 'come book, cede-ton' and everybody, loses. Then we plot into the Past to glimpse a parody of some of Frank Frazetta's earlier comic strips in "When Dale Branded Met Johnny Hammer" and there's a phony interview with "Black Vengeance" that's chock full of sassy in-jokes. To be the barbaric heroine of "First Duty," the rise's fourth and last strip, and she serves as a good example of just how far Women's Lib should't go.

The contents of these two fanzines have been carefully selected to represent some of Fandom's finer talents. And, if you can take the double dose, Dale will do them out to you for \$1.85-for the pair. Drop your donations to Dale at 850 27th Street, Ogden, Utah 84403. I think you'll be glad you did.

Just a few words about ordering these, or any other, fanzines through the mail. First—even though we will only receive ones of reputable editors, it is advisable NOT to send cash through the mail! Get a money order, write a check, or get someone to write one for you, but don't send cash! Lettism DO get lost occasionally and it pays to play it safe. Second—make your checks and money orders payable to the editor (not the name of his magazine). Fanzines are generally produced in a hobby and it is kind of hard to convince a bank (other than your name is 'Lair of Madness'). Third—Fanzines are also usually limited to a small print run (anywhere from 50 to 3,000 copies) and they occasionally sell out. To save the poor editor from being fi-cented to death for postage to return your order IN CASE he is sold out of the magazine, please enclose a Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelope with your order. We try to only review ones we know are available, but we might miss one once in a while. So play it safe, invest an extra 8¢. You'll be notified in advance that your order has been filled, or you'll get your refund all the while. Fourth—Always put your name and address and zip code on your order so that the editor can't constantly digging around in his mailbox trying to locate the return address on the envelope. And, Fifth—mention where you heard about the fanzine. Advertising is a large expense for fanzine publishers and they like to keep track of which ads and plugs do them the most good, orderwise.

Happy Fanzine-ing!!!



**THE  
MONSTER  
OF PIEDRAS  
BLANCAS**





In past issues of **THE MONSTER TIMES**, we've chronicled the development of comics—from the early stages of Superman and Batman in the late 1930's to the super-hero invasion during the World War II years, and even the horror boom that the E.C. group founded in the early 1950's. One period that we haven't covered, however, is the years just after the War, and just before the horror renaissance. For those few years there was chaos in the comic ranks.

All the different companies had their own ideas—one was sure that

cowboy comics would be the rage; another group swore by the romance comics, and still another staked their fortune on crime comics. One outfit, the later lamented NEDOR-STANUARU BETTER group, was convinced that monsters would be the dominant factor. From 1946-1949 it was hard to find a Nedor comic that didn't display a bug-eyed monster of some sort threatening a lovely damsel in distress. For awhile, **MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS**, and Nedor comic expert Art Miller is here to tell the story.

## WHEN MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS!! BY ART MILLER



Alex Schomburg was an avant-garde genius for many years in comics. An excellent example of his bug-eyed monster art is reproduced here.

**The Time:** The Late '40's.

**The Place:** A piece of graphic illustration better known as a comic book.

**The Scene:** A bug-eyed, nightmare monster attacking a valiant, true-hearted spaceman.

The readers of the colored page, in the late '40's, became more and more aware of this scene in their favorite comic books. The super-hero was disappearing fast. Green Lantern's ring was fizzling. Flash depended more on Doc's Dicks than on his lightning speed. The Black Terror and the Fighting Yank had put their own books. The Dollman was just a shadow of what he used to be. Super-heroes everywhere were joining the ranks of the unemployed.

The publishers and editors decided something "new" was needed. Although monsters and horror had been around for some time (if you cared to look), the

creatures really started to take over the comics now. Let's take a look at a couple of titles from the Nedor-Standart Company.

In late 1946, Wonder Comics started turning out more and more grotesque creatures for its "leading star," Wonderman, to conquer. Issue #9 featured a beautiful Alex Schomburg cover in which our hero is seen rescuing his lovely, brown-haired partner, Carol, from a perky, scaly crocodile man. This issue set the tone of the book for many of the stories that followed. The last indicator of what was to come could be found by reading the splash page introduction:

"Can our earth be invaded from the far reaches of space? Can weird monsters from a distant planet destroy humanity? Is the path of total destruction through the dynamic figure of Wonderman, meeting the deadly challenge with all the power of human science?"

Issue #10 finds Wonderman back at it. This time fighting "alien evils." These monsters were four-clawed, cow-horned creatures with long white fangs and long tails and were (you guessed it!) trying to take over the earth. Behind this plot was Dr. Voodoo, Lilith, Goddess of Evil, and the Immortal Emperor. This trio of villains fought Wonderman and Carol many times in the pages of Wonder Comics.

### GHASTLY GRAHAM

The 12th issue of Wonder Comics takes on special significance. At this time, a young artist had just been discharged from the navy. After working for several other publishing houses, he moved drawing for Better Publications. His name was Graham Ingles, who was later to become famous for his fine efforts at E.C. Comics. Graham Ingles drew the cover of Wonder #12 in which two weird characters are attacking Wonderman and a "chained" Carol. The faces of these

Featuring The **FIGHTING YANK**, Super-Patriot



Green-skinned bug-eyed monsters were common in stories in those days. This cover shot from 1947 shows just such a green BSM getting zapped by the world famous hero, Lance Lewis (Lance Lewis?).

ghosts bear a strong resemblance to one of the witches out of an E.C. Comic!

Now, let's look at the other Nedor title under discussion—**Startling Comics**. Mr. Ingles also worked on this title. His cover for issue #44, March 1947, features the lead character, Lance Lewis, ray-blasting a green six-foot tall alien-creature. This gruesome thing has his chubby, three-fingered paws around a shapely, long-haired blonde. The introductory paragraph tells all:

"Will insects ever replace men as rulers of the world? See what happens on the Planet Venus when this problem arises and see how it is solved in the twenty-second century by that remarkable scientist and fighter—Lance Lewis."

Lance Lewis, Space Detective, along with his partner, the beautiful Mara, goes on to fight more strange creatures in the twenty-second century. **Startling #46** features another good Graham Ingles cover: A large skeleton being, wrapped in a long green robe, is trying to stab Lance Lewis as a hand-doffed and horrified Mara looks on. (Say, that sounds familiar!) Lance was kept busy in this issue, as the story titled "The Underground of Mars" shows our hero dueling it out with the "Gobuts." Those monstrosities were five-foot, purple, scaly balls with frog heads. In the issues that followed, Lance fought a variety of nightmares: the Crab-Men, fire-legged giant spider-creatures, who sported big blood-shot eyes in the middle of their square, purple bodies. Also the *Amorhe Mee*, huge, white slugs from Saturn. They had big black eyes in the middle of their heads. And on and on.

### CREATURES CRAWL ON

After only a year, Graham Ingles left Better Publications. But the monsters crawled on. Back at Wonder Comics, the main feature now was Tara, a female

space buccaner and her crew, Captain Ruben and Molo. This good trio had several "zining adventures" on the spaceways before the title folded. In issue #18, published in 1948, Tara and her friends are shown on the cover fighting a green, scaly dragon with their blasting sword.



This cover was an early issue by classic E.C. artist Graham Ingles. We won't say it's the best of Graham he ever drew, but there's no accounting for taste. He managed to get a pretty ugly-looking crew in the bottom right-hand corner, though.



Continued from page 14

## 9. OTHER WORLDS

(Favorite) (Points)

**ANGRY RED PLANET** It has every right to be after the way we've confused it.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS** A for effort, an unusual approach that just misses the mark.

**FORBIDDEN PLANET** Top-level, fantastic work featuring Robby the Robot, casters from the 10, and Anne Francis legs.

**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** Like the film, so far they haven't been too impressive.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 10. WORLDS OF FANTASY

(Favorite) (Points)

**THE FTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** A real stunner, this epic featured a cyclops, 2-headed rams, a dragon, and enough reprints for all the six other versions rolled into one.

**THE TIME MACHINE** H.G. Wells' classic genre work more color and excitement when it hit the screen.

**THE MAGIC SWORD** Despite a cast of pure mooks, this medieval myth-mash did manage some scintillating effects and excitement.

**PLANET OF THE APES** This novel treatment of the evolutionary scheme keeps spawning off sequels with the ease of a volcano.

**JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** In search of the Golden Fleece. Tell us, the bronze glare, steal the picture.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_



## 11. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF RODENTS

(Favorite) (Points)

**WILLARD** The only real scary activity in this overrated drama was demonstrated by the rats. Still, everybody loved it.

**THE KILLER BARBERS** A deeper, it is Night of The Living Dead. Poorly produced, but often frighteningly gruesome.

**THE HOLE PEOPLE** They've been relegated to the ranks of the Late Late Show. And for good reason.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 12. LOST WORLDS

(Favorite) (Points)

**20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA** Not only a giant squid, but Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorne, and James Mason as the perfect Captain Nemo.

**THE LOST WORLD** Colorful but featureless. Henry was better. South American swimmers. After this one, Claude Rains should have to become invisible once again.

**MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** Lovely, but overdone only second-rate Jules Verne.

**JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** Three men in a cave bagging and the presence of Pat Boone. Otherwise, superb.

**VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA** Most tell us anything else.

**THE LOST CONTINENT (1935)** Technicolor stuff, but well done.

**THE LOST CONTINENT (1970)** Good Craft.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_



## 13. DOWN BY THE DE' SEA

(Favorite) (Points)

**CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON** This scaly fellow resurfaced 3 times to the screen he liked it most.

**IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA** And this' back where it came too for the multi-tracked terror.

**ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTER** The ugliest hands this side of The Crawling Eye.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 14. THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

(Favorite) (Points)

**THE ILLUSTRATED MAN** A real disappointment for Ray Bradbury fans.

**THX-1138** Interesting in concept, striking in its atmosphere, but too impersonally distant.

**CREATION OF THE HUMANOID** Not as bad as it seems but, still, that's not saying much.

**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** In so many ways, perhaps the greatest science fiction film of all time.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

PART 2  
MAN MADE  
MONSTERS

## 15. FRANKENSTEIN, ANYONE?

(Favorite) (Points)

**FRANKENSTEIN** And now, in this corner, at 250 lbs., the one, the only, the original.

**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** Like father, like son—he's up to the same old tricks.

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** Frank's romantic escapades, and meat touching of all his fans.

**ARBOIT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** Bud & Lou & Frank & Doc & We'll Consider the possibilities.

**FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED** So what else is new?

**HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** A pretty poor showing for Frank's this time out. Keep your eyes on Rulien.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 16. THE COURT

(Favorite) (Points)

**DRACULA** The absolute rage of the age, and worst best-dressed monster of all time.

**HORROR OF DRACULA** Hammer Film at its best. Everything you always wanted to know about vampires but were afraid to ask.

**NOSEFLAP** You, he was a star of the silent screen too.

**BRIDES OF DRACULA** The count's been rescued on a charge of bloody insanity. Just back back 'em!

**DRACULA RISE UP, BROTHER!** And Dorian Gray thought it had it bad.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 17. WOLVES, WEREWOLVES, AND WOLFEIN

(Favorite) (Points)

**THE WOLFMAN** Perhaps the most tragic and commented of all "monsters."

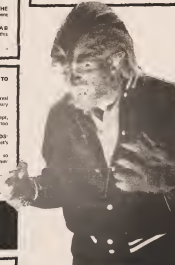
**THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON** A real slide but goods. He had Paddy in a dilly.

**I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF** Puberty can be a trying time indeed.

**CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** Hammer Film gives you're really a red head on his own.

**WEREWOLF IN A GIRL'S DORMITORY** Had those co-ed snuggles for their coven.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_



## 18. FAMOUS TRANSFORMATIONS

(Favorite) (Points)

**THE FLY** Holy droghthead... Hilariously fascinating and a real candidate for Cheesecake.

**THE MAN WITH THE XRAY EYES** Pass those to good use at a swinging cocktail party.

**DR. Jekyll and MR. Hyde** The good doctor had one too many of this strange brew.

**THE INVISIBLE MAN** The arrogant, cool cat gave the scope the real disappearing act.

**THE AMAZING TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT** Sorry, it's not what you were hoping for.

**HOUSE OF WAX** 3D or not 3D? This is the question.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

Continued on next page



## 19. MISS MONSTER PAGANT

(Favorite) (Pants)

THE WASP WOMAN: Her hair was worse than her boss.

ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT WOMAN: And that's a lot of women.

THE SHE CREATURE: You've got to be hypnotized to like this one.

QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE: Some commercial too price. And that's just when she should stay.

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN: What, you aren't? I guess you just can't keep a good woman down.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 20. LAND OF THE MINIATURE

(Favorite) (Pants)

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN: May men and one of the best movie makers ever. Jack Arnold's tribute to the impressive dignity of men.

DOCTOR CYCLOPS: Colorful-shrunk humans turn on their acidic heat in this mess ages set in the tropics.

ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE: About as interesting as GI Joe.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 21. LAND OF THE GIANTS

(Favorite) (Pants)

THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN: Mr. Big Stuff, who do you think you are? Actually, a good idea which gets only mediocre treatment.

THE CYCLOPS: Even a striking resemblance to the Amazing Colossal Man.

WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEASTS: Been a striking resemblance to the Cyclops.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 22. BLOOD AND FRIGHT

(Favorite) (Pants)

PSYCHO: Anthony Perkins' career was never the same after Hitchcock got through with him. A real masterpiece of terror.

HUSH: HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE: Oscar's premonitions. Carefully watch the first ten minutes, take a long restful nap, and then wake up for the gruesome finale.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?: Bette Davis makes Joan Crawford sit cross or should we say paralyze?

THE HOUSE THAT CRIPPLED BLOOD: A job for Rose Franken.

JACK THE RIFPER: Was a real bit with the ladies.

BRAIN OF BLOOD: Harshlight Pictures strikes again! Restored to them with an 10 of under 50.

I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, I EAT YOUR SKIN: We're throwing in two for the price of one, and it still isn't worth it.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## 23. STONE-AGE MAN

(Favorite) (Pants)

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH: Nothing to brag about when you consider the competition.

CREATURES OF THE WORLD FORGOT! or-Creatures the filmmakers forgot to put in their files.

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (1967 Version): Remotely Welch means Tyrannosaurus Rex. Easily matched, wouldn't you say?

TEENAGE CAVEMAN: I think I've gotten sick. Beware.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_



## 25. THE MISSING LINK

(Favorite) (Pants)

TROG: Joan Crawford must have been pretty desperate to put up with the repulsive lion of this fellow.

HALF-HUMAN: Quibbled and re-fringed. But, somehow still quite fascinating.

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OF THE HIMALAYAS: More talk than anything else really.

SKULLGALLERY: Did you ever hear of the word "penniless"? If not, look it up for a one word description of this movie.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## BONUS

## FAVORITE HORROR FILM STAR

(Favorite) (Pants)

BORG KARLOFF

BELA LUGOSI

VINCENT PRICE

LONCHANEY SR.

LONCHANEY JR.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## FAVORITE SCI-FI TV SHOW

(Favorite) (Pants)

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

STAR TREK

NIGHT GALLERY

OUTER LIMITS

WAY OUT

Write in \_\_\_\_\_

## MY FAVORITE MONSTER OF ALL TIME IS:

## MY FAVORITE MONSTER PICTURE OF ALL TIME IS:

## MY CANDIDATE FOR THE WORST MONSTER PICTURE OF ALL TIME IS:

My name is \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_ years of age.

**PULL OUT THESE  
FOUR PAGES  
AND MAIL TODAY!**

## 22. THE DEAD AND THE UNDEAD

(Favorite) (Pants)

TALES FROM THE CRYPT: As cheerfully delightful.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: Though made on a budget of pennies, it's being hailed as the scariest movie in recent years.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL: Better keep your lights on while watching this one.

THIRTEEN GHOSTS: Unlucky in more ways than one. You'll be sorry.

PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES: Strictly for zombies.

Write in \_\_\_\_\_





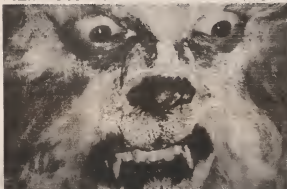
# the Monster Scene

Nowadays it seems like you never can tell where your favorite fiends might pop up next. Today there are Transylvanians on TV, monsters in media, zombies in zines and mercenary madmen on Madison Ave! There are even bats in the belfry, Zombies on Broadway, and (sick) reaches in the sink! In keeping with the current trend of things monstrous, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally feel to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE brought to you by your friendly fiends in the field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of applause).



## THE GREAT FRIGHT WAY

It's often been said of our old friend Kong Kong that he doesn't break girls' hearts, he gives them a coronary. Kong's latest conquest is Maureen Stapleton, who plays the title role in a new Broadway play called THE SECRET AFFAIRS OF MILDRED WILD. Mildred is a notorious Village lady, see, who fantasizes about playing games to the King in this comedy written by Paul Zindel. It's playing at the Ambassador Theater as of this writing at least. Maybe if Kong can contain himself during this, his second Broadway stint, the play will be still running when you read this.



## HORRORS OFF BROADWAY or BACK AT THE HOUSE OF PAIN

The Spawn of Dr. Moersu are alive and well and living at the Jean Cocteau Theater in a theatrical adaptation of R.G. Wells' classic story about the mad Dr. Moersu who transformed animals into, as the 1932 film treatment (THE ISLAND OF LOST

SORTS), put it: "Not men, not beasts... things!" The adaptation, written and staged by Joel Slatkin, focuses not on the mad doctor, but on the subterranean victims of his vile experiments—the Wolf Man, Ape-Man, Pig Woman, and Tiger Woman. One intrepid

Teletypist, Bill Fazel, saw the production and recommends it highly. TMT readers in the New York vicinity can call the Jean Cocteau Theater at 43 Road Street at 673-9004 or 745-1380 for further information.

## BUSTER BUSTS TARZAN MYTH

Buster Crabbe, former Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, and Tarzan of the Apes, shocked a gathering of college students at Brantford, Ontario, Canada with his frank admission that the famous Tarzan yell was a "u phon". According to an item published in The New York Times, the 44-year-old Crabbe sent shockwaves through the wide-eyed ranks of the college audience when, after being asked to give the Tarzan yell, he confessed that he couldn't and never could, not even during his prime. "Neither could Johnny Weissmuller," Buster told them. "Weissmuller would simply open his mouth and the studio had a recording of those men, one a soprano, the other a baritone and the third a hog caller, who yelled together," Buster declared. "And that was the great Tarzan howl." We hope that our readers can recover from this sudden death of yet another of our treasured myths, of which, as we all know, we have only too few.

## IF THE SHOE FITS

In their mad eagerness to exploit monsters to peddle their products, some advertisers don't even bother to tie the horror element in with whatever it is they're selling in any kind of coherent way. A good case in point is this ad for the London Character "Bling-a-Boo", "Cookie-Monster" shoes. As we all know, the Cookie Monster is



one of Sesame Street's most popular residents, but no attempt is made to justify the connecting of his sugar taste to these mere mortal shoes. Such shoddy practice is nothing short of an outrage! In fact, they're gonna lose from this lousy tie-in the morning... just as soon as we dig him up, that is.

## INTESTINAL FORTITUDE

If you're thinking of going to the moon, or down a dangerous street, or out to see American-International's latest fright epic, you might want to take a bottle of Triptone with you. Triptone capsules alone, just in case Triptone is the "space age capsule" whose "special ingredient" is said (by their copywriters) to provide protection against unwanted nausea, diarrhea and stomach upset. According to the ad, the ingredient in Triptone was tested at the Navy School of Aviation Medicine against 5 other well known motion sickness remedies and was found to be "the most effective" of those tested. Looks like that more years of that long-running production of THE REPUBLICANS WALK AMONG US ahead, so it might be a good idea to stock up now.

**NOW the single  
MOTION SICKNESS  
ingredient  
most effective for  
ASTRONAUTS**

Tested at the Navy School of Aviation Medicine against 5 other well known motion sickness remedies and was found to be the "most effective" single ingredient.

The space age TRIPTONE formula prevents nausea, dizziness and stomach upset for hours and is a gentle enough for a 6 year old. Before your next family take a trip, take TRIPTONE, available without prescription.

**triptone**

The space age capsule for  
MOTION SICKNESS



## IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE SMOKESTACK

One of the wildest examples of bizarre graphic art in the role of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY Magazine recently appeared as a copy of the Mad Ave nude publication, ADVERTISING AGE. While the Pollution Monitors pictured here are being used to handle Kodak film, the ad copy itself is a gruesome treatise, leaving the true intention free to enjoy this vivid visualization of yet another example of Fun City horror. Even these Ecological Monitors don't look very healthy.

# KARLOFF

**KARLOFF**—the most famous horror actor of all time. The man whose unforgettable portrayal of the Frankenstein monster thrust a new weed into the American dictionary. Karloff—the man who has been scaring people out of their minds for years.

And now, at long last, there is a biography of Boris Karloff. It's the first and only one and it's filled with tons of valuable information about the gentle man whose screen image was that of a blood-thirsty, depraved creature. There was only one Boris Karloff.

And there is only one biography, now available directly from the horrible people who bring you **THE MONSTER TIMES**. **KARLOFF** is over 200 pages and is chock full of photos, and **KARLOFF** even has an index of all of Karloff's 163 films. The book is a valuable reference work, an engrossing interesting book—and it's **wary**, too.

**KARLOFF** is available for only \$6 (plus 50 cents for postage and

handling), and we recommend that you pick it up immediately. You never know who may be watching you!



SEND TO:  
THE MONSTER TIMES, Dept. K  
Post Office Box 595  
Old Chelsea Station  
New York, New York 10011

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies of  
**KARLOFF**. 15¢ per copy plus 50¢ extra for  
postage and handling.

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## THE TMT MONSTER BOX IS HERE!

Is your collection of **THE MONSTER TIMES** getting wrinkled with neglect? Aging faster than Dorian Gray? Don't you think it's only fair that your copies of **TMT**, those copies that have brought you hour upon hour of reading pleasure, be kept in comfort for the rest of their unnatural days? Well, now your back issues of **THE MONSTER TIMES** can be kept on neat and permanent display and be ever accessible for future reference with these famous Jesse Jones volume files. The **Monster Times** "Monster Box" holds 26 issues, a whole year's worth. Just think of it...no more soiling, tearing, wear, or replacement of copies! These durable files will support 150 lbs. of **TMT** issues, or of anything

else you care to keep in your own personal library. Looks and feels like leather...or dead skin...with 23-carat gold lettering...and they are washable. Cheap, too. Only \$4.25 each. Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed or your money back.

THE MONSTER BOX, c/o Jesse Jones Box Corp., Dept. TMT, P.O. 41, Pa. 15141.

Please rush me my **Monster Times** "Monster Box." Enclosed is my ready \$4.25. Henry I can't wait!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



To the Editor...  
MONSTER TIMES  
Box 595  
Old Chelsea Sta.  
New York 10011

AFE OVER TMT!

Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation  
444 WEST 56TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

Dear M.T.,

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed your features on the "Planet of the Apes" film series.



I think your magazine should be compensated on the makeup and illustration of your articles as well as the hard manner in which the films are discussed.

We, in the industry, know that there is a very large loyal following for so-called "monster" films, and I feel that your publication does an important job in reaching that audience in a comprehensive and illuminating manner.

Very best regards,  
Gordon Armstrong  
Twentieth-Century Fox Film Co.

Thanks for the compliment, Mr. Armstrong. Rest assured that the staff of **THE MONSTER TIMES** will continue the pursuit of excellence in monster, horror, poe and science-fiction. You keep tearing out the movies and we'll keep commenting on them.

### THE MARK OF THE PHANTOM

Dear Mr. Weatherperson:

I read with great sympathy your extremely sensitive **Monster Times** article "The Case Against the Phantom," and my first reaction is an emphatic "Right on, Sister!" However, as much as I sympathize with the spirit of your comments, I think it only fair to expurgate those pernicious, chauvinistic script-artists' views of Falk and Moore. Indeed, there is a much-lauded, twisted record of my family.

First of all, let me set the record straight and reveal for the first time that the male heir ceased two generations ago, when the male heir was killed in a savage battle with those nasty Singh pirates. His sister, Mildred (my grandmother) had to carry on. Since then we have been forced to continue wearing that ridiculous costume in order to conceal our sex from the prying eyes of the Maharaja of the

Moon (see Phyllis Phantom, entered 12 years ago) and is now assisting the U.S. Government in its investigation of Ralph Nader.

Finally, just a couple more pertinent facts. Dame Palmer (my cousin) has been married to Dr. Laaga for 20 years. I married Gurnea (the chief of the Pygmy People) thirteen years ago and we have two children—Rex and Tormen. (Rex looks like me while Tormen rather favors his father.)

I hope these facts help to dispel some of Mr. Weatherperson's innuendoes and to acquaint the world with one more defunct male imperialist exploitation.

Very sincerely yours,

Kitty Walker (Mrs. Gurnea)

Dear Mrs. Gurnea,

Your subscription to **MT** magazine starts this month. Ms. Weatherperson, on the other hand, is now happily married and subscribing to **FAMILY CIRCLE** MAGAZINE.

FRIEND OF FRANKENSTEIN  
Dear **Monster Times**:

Congratulations on "The Bride of Frankenstein" article in your fourth issue. Allan Asherman did a superb job in writing it. I am enclosing a drawing of "Frankenstein" as a tribute. I hope you



like it. Maybe in the near future you'll have an article on the original Frankenstein.

The seventh issue was another blockbuster, specially the monstrously hilarious strip, "Sacrifice" by John Sussman and Steve Beckman. I am a Hickman fan from some time back and I've always enjoyed his work. By the way, as you ever planning to do an article on "Monsters and Heroes" by Larry Ivins? I would really appreciate it if you do because his magazine has always been of top quality and he really is a fun person, thanks. In closing, I wish you all the best of luck for the future and may you always look behind closed doors and shaded windows.

Anthony T. Sincato

An article on the original Frankenstein movie is coming up in our all-Boris Karloff issue. Look for it on the newsstand, but in the meantime, we are running our Frankenstein drawing. Thanks for letting us look at it.

Send us as many letters, postcards, boasts, denunciations, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bailiff. Address all correspondence to **THE MONSTER TIMES**, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York 10011.

Here he is... the Missing Monster in action, as he was depicted in THE ANIMATION JOURNAL. Now, Willis O'Brien remarked, "the was created in its dimension." Seem incredible that the creature film has been a severe one.

whether of O'Brien's production paintings. In an article the writer has seen never able to extend any producer in it as the much amount of KING KONG could not into that kind of operation. The loss to fantasy



Tear your eyes away from the above painting. It represents a scoop for the readers of THE MONSTER TIMES. It's a water-color painting by Willis O'Brien, the genius who gave us KING KONG and many other monster classics and it illustrates a movie project of his that never made it to the shooting stage. Our monstrous Cleveland staffer, Tony Isabella, came across this work of art and the story behind...



The Master Himself, Willis O'Brien.



A portrait of the artist as a younger man.

## WILLIS O'BRIEN'S MISSING MONSTER!

BY TONY ISABELLA

How did he stay up? Let us count the ways. He started with the original version of THE LOST WORLD in 1925 and a hromosaurus gone wild in the streets of London. KING KONG gave his regards to Broadway and the rest of New York in 1933. Hollywood would never be quite the same after a 1949 visit by MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. Diplomatic relations were strained when he let THE BLACK SCORPION loose in Mexico City in 1951. London got trampled once more in 1959's THE GIANT BEHEMOTH. Willis O'Brien accomplished more than an army of winking crews could have and left us an enduring legacy of the greatest monster films ever made.

In the middle 1950's, Willis O'Brien (known to his friends as "Orie") started work on one of his most ambitious projects ever, a film that made extensive use of the stop-motion animation techniques he had pioneered in those earlier films. Orie threw himself into the project with a vigor surprising for a man in his sixties. He did many shot outlines, over ninety water-color continuity sketches, and a few finished paintings like the one above. The film, based on an ancient Indian legend, was to have been titled THE LAST OF THE OGO SI-PAPU. Unfortunately, Orie was unable to interest any producer in backing the film. You see, the movie's villain is a totally despicable producer of grade-Z horror films.

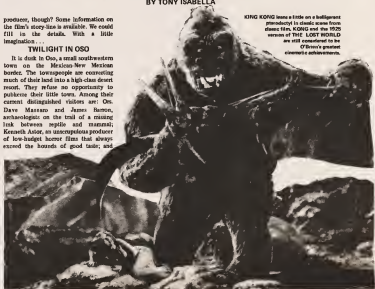
Suppose O'Brien had found a

producer, though? Some information on the film's story-line is available. We could fill in the details. With a little imagination...

### TWILIGHT IN OGO

It is dusk in Ogo, a small southwestern town on the Mexican-New Mexican border. The townspeople are converting much of their land into a high-class desert resort. They refuse an opportunity to purchase their little town. Among their current distinguished visitors are: Dr. Dave Mazzaro and James Hamon, archaeologists on the trail of a missing link between reptile and mammal; Kenneth Astor, an unscrupulous producer of low-budget horror films that always exceed the bounds of good taste; and

KING KONG looms a little on a intelligent prehistory in classic scene from classic film, KING and the 1925 version of THE LOST WORLD are still considered to be O'Brien's greatest cinematic achievements.





Although the prebook art shows Ark Roberts, Irving Blask, and Lewis Duffett as the Special Effects Designer, White worked behind the scenes of THIS GIANT ISHEMOTH, too.

Allen Astor, the younger brother and personal agent of the producer. The producer has already clashed with the scientists over his plan to set off explosive charges, as part of his latest scheme. In an area the two doctors feel may contain the fossils of the missing link they are searching for. Allen sympathizes with the scientists, but the producer is adamant. The charges go off as planned, leaving an ugly scar across the desert.

Night. A guard starts in disbelief as first one and then a second giant head appears from the crater left by Astor's blasting. The heads are colossal reptiles with the bodies of grizzly bears, the heads and coloration of gila monsters, and the ferocity of unleashed hurricanes. They destroy Astor's equipment. The guard is found the next morning in a state of shock.

Hearing of the destruction of the film crew's equipment, the scientists tell Astor of the legend of the Oso Si-Papu, the very



Here's a close look at Allen's handwork—the creation of one of the rocky-weathered giant, the Oso Si-Papu.

legend that brought them to the town. The Si-Papu heads are like locusts, appearing every hundred years or so. Descriptions of the heads convinced the doctors that they were the missing links they searched for. Astor refuses to believe them and accuses them of destroying his camp themselves. The producer is about to have the doctors arrested when the Si-Papu attack the town.

#### MONSTERS MANGLE MEXICAN BORDER

A hastily-gathered squad of riflemen drive the beasts off, but not before they have nearly leveled the town. The creatures head toward the Mexican border. The scientists want to capture these alien. So does the producer... So one them in his film. The two learn more to the border to head the monster off before they leave American soil.

Astor and his brother arrive first. They throw everything in the book at the beasts, ranging them to the point of madness. The creatures begin to battle each other, a savage struggle which ends with one of the heads fatally wounded. The scientists arrive in time to save young Allen from the monster's dying struggles. The producer goes after the remaining creature, who is heading for the mountains that surround the area.

This time the scientists arrive first and manage to shoot the surviving Si-Papu with tranquilizer guns. As they return with the beast, though, they are hijacked by the producer and his henchmen. Allen Astor turns against his brother, but is quickly rendered unconscious. During the struggle, however, the beast shakes off the tranquilizer and escapes. Leaving the scientists and his brother, the producer takes up the chase once more.

The creature charges across a vast oil field, laying waste to the derricks and pipes. The producer and his men arrive, but this time, they are chased by the



Some prebook art from THE GREAT JOE YOUNG (MIGHTY JOE TO YOU—see TMT 16), a drama that that failed to read KONG, but still had its moments, especially when Allen's special effects took over.



maddened herd to a bottomless canyon. They try to escape in a cable car strung across the canyon, but the monster shakes them to their death in a scene reminiscent of KING KONG. The scientists and Allen arrive and again shoot the Si-Papu with their tranquilizer guns. The shots do not take immediate effect. The scientists appear doomed when Allen draws the beast's attention with a jeep. The monster chases Allen around the edges of the canyon until the tranquillizers begin to work. Drugged, the last of the Oso Si-Papu gambles and falls into the canyon. Lost to forever.

The last of the Oso Si-Papu is dead. And so are all hopes of ever seeing this film.

(In fact, this tragic account of the last Oso Si-Papu has moved the staff of THE MONSTER TIMES to present yet another nostalgic rehash of the unforgettable KING KONG—a complete 66 panel comic strip rendition of the Superman's shrouded story. So turn the page and turn on to a highly unusual recreation of the life of our favorite monster—Ed.)

# KING - KONG

Now that we're finished with Wilk O'Brien's missing monster, here's a quick refresher course on his classic

KING KONG... And we do mean quick! Already time and space are running out, so here goes...



Professor Earl Darnley, D.O.M., is talking to his assistant, Dr. David, who is holding a flashlight.



He got a big boat to take him and his crew to the remote South Seas.



Accompanying him is the beautiful and nervous, which he wants to make a fast one.



Captain Engstrom is along too, a typical old salt.



Dr. David, first mate and his assistant, Dr. David, first mate and his assistant.



Dr. David explains in some instances of questions, which he answers for a part in his eyes.



Dr. David and his assistant are talking to a man, who is looking at them with a concerned expression.



Dr. David is talking to a man, who is looking at him with a concerned expression.



Dr. David is talking to a man, who is looking at him with a concerned expression.



Dr. David is talking to a man, who is looking at him with a concerned expression.



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# The Monster Times Teletype

...Prints news, reviews, previews, grus-fashes ferreted out by BILL FERRELL, *MonsterTimes*'s answer to *Rona Barrett*. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Ferrell's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flux & celere when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gooheerootie, gang!

Rita Hayworth is to star in a new psycho-thriller entitled *WITNESS MADNESS* for World Film Services. Shooting just started at Shepperton Studios in London. Miss Hayworth is in grand company with a string of grandiose co-stars such as Jane Asher, Joan Collins and George Brown.

The rock stars, the Beatles, have the starring roles in *CASTLE X*, which is filming in Yugoslavia. It's a musical medical horror film.

Crown International has before the cameras a production called *SUPERGILL*, which is having extensive location shots in L.A., New York and Miami.

Before we have even been treated (or mistreated) to the arrival of *BLACKENSTEIN*, shooting has begun on its sequel, *THE RETURN OF BLACKENSTEIN*.

Filming of the new musicalization of *PETER PAN* will be starting in London shortly. The score will be by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, creators of *J.C. SUPERSTAR*, and Patrick Garland will direct. No female star has been cast for the voyage to Never-Neverland as yet.



Savvy Davis it may even become something of a horror star. He's working on *POOR DEVIL*, which will air as a 90 minute made-for-TV film concerning a

somewhat inept messenger of Satan himself. Mr. Davis has also shown interest in a proposed feature-length black version of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

The same production team that will be bringing us the updated version of *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* is working on a new project, that of Jonathan Swift's classic *GULLIVER TRAVELS*. It's to be a live-action and animation combination. John Barry, of James Bond fame, will write the music, and Don Black the lyrics.

## ATTENTION COMIC FANS!

Ed Sussner, filmmaker and comic book collector, has just opened up a store called "SUPERHYPE" where all kinds of comics, original artwork, and related goodies can be browsed through and purchased. Ed's store is located on 83rd Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues on New York's Upper East Side. Stop by — and tell him THE MONSTER TIMES sent you.

Arner Films is reuniting *SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT* for release (no doubt Christmas-time). Patrick O'Neal, John Carradine, and Walter Abel are involved.

Cinerama will release *Melromarch's science-fiction opus CHOSEN SURVIVORS*.

CHOICE CUTS, the film about a transplanted everything, had much difficulty making it to the screen, but it looks as though it must might make it under Philippe De Broca's direction of a French version of it.

James H. Nicholson's Academy Pictures has changed the title to *LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE*, from the previously announced "Hell House." It's from the Richard Matheson script as I reported, but whatta cast... Barbara Parkes, Olive Haili, Roddy McDowall and a personal favorite of mine, Pamela Franklin. This is a Must see...

Last, but not least, that Charles Addams brainchild, *THE ADDAMS FAMILY*, is seeking a revival. New cast and new shows are being peddled to the networks, and if they don't sell there, they will go into syndication, so that sounds pretty firm.

**ALIVE, ALIVE O** will be a chiller television film on the ABC Movie of the Week starring beautiful Lee Remick and nice-looking Milla D'Shae. Filmed in Dublin, it's an "I can't seem to find my husband" searcher.

ABC is also reuniting a Christmas Horror presentation! *HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS* will star Julie (THE HAUNTING) Harris, Eleanor Parker, Sally Field, and Walter Brennan Santa Claus?

A.E. Van Vogt's sci-fi novel *THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL* will hit the celluloid via Luigi Cozzi.



After *THIS ISLAND EARTH*, IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, THE ATOMIC MAN, CULT OF THE COBRA and the soon-to-be-released *SO EVIL HER SISTER*, you'd think *Fath Darnegue* would have retired as one of the reigning queens of the Horror films, but no—the goss on undiminished. She is bringing her exotic beauty to Salt Lake City (7) for the *Mining of HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CORPSES*, in which she co-stars with John Ireland and that old

# CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
December 10	The Second Sunday Phi Sealing 621 Avenue 2 Brooklyn, New York	McAlpin Hotel 7th Ave and 34th St. New York City	\$1 at the door	no special features, but all buying and selling
Jan. 26-28	Cosmic Con II - Muck-Steel 455 Lytton Blvd. Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada	York University Toronto, Canada	\$5 in advance \$3 a day at the door	Cosmic Infectious Stan Lee, lots of comics and sci-fi
Feb. 16-18	Star Trek Con At Beaver Post Office Box 95 Old Chelsea Station New York 10011	Hotel Commodore 42 Street and Lexington Avenue	\$5 at the door \$3.50 in advance	Jenny Decker, Isaac Asimov, Oscar Katz and lots of Star Trek stuff.
April 29-32	Lane Con At Skatner Post Office Box 95 Old Chelsea Station, New York 10011	Sheridan-Hillman Hotel 33rd Street and 7th Ave. New York City	\$3 in advance \$5 at the door	The biggest annual sci-fi convention in New York. Many famous guests.

**T**HE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quiet and curious gatherings of quipster curious nerds. The gatherings called "conventions," and the nerds, called "fans," deserve the attention of word and pen-ink alike. Hence this triad-blending reader service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these brain-bending affairs, we recommend it.

Detectors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoons and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like me, maniacs, spend weeks on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going if you want a couple of glossy portraits of Orson or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of *Arbyor Conner* (50¢ there for even why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or want the state of old time movie nerds, or today's hot comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other cosplayer or comic science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world. OK, if you want to meet the affable decorated nerds who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and meet one of these conventions. We dare you!



ghouls John Carradine. The echo of a heroine's scream never dies.

THE VAULT OF HORROR, sequel to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, has a cast that seems to get more impressive every couple of weeks, and appears to be trying to outdo its predecessor. Ready?... Glynn Johns (MILANO), THE MERMAJIN, Edward Judd (FIRST MEN IN THE MOON), Curt Jurgens (MEPHISTO WALTZ), Terry Thomas, Dawn Adams (HOUSE OF FREIGHT), and Denholm Elliott (SCENT OF MYSTERY).



Dan Curtis Productions, who brought us **DARK SHADOWS** and **THE NIGHT STALKER**, is developing **Richard Matheson's INNER SANCTUM** for ABC and **William Nolan's THE NOBLEST TALES** for NBC.

CBS will air a TV feature called **BUROS OF FREY**, which stars **David Janssen** and will feature a spectacular chase through **Grand Canyon**... by air.

Canada becomes the locale for the filming of **THE NEPTUNE FACTOR: AN UNDERSEA ODYSSEY**, **Ernest Borgnine**, **Ben Gazzara**, **Vivette Minerva** and **Walter Pidgeon** are starred.

Nevada International has in production a western melodrama called **BLOODY JACK**.

Now for a film that will undoubtedly go down in **Monsters** history: that's right... **"Sneakers"** (That is the title... **S-S-S-S-S!** Not only is the title titillating, but so is the plot... Mad scientist with a batch of reptile juice, or a val of venom if you will, starts injecting his now-too-willing friends. Result: **Sneaky snakes**, or **snaky sneaks**. The same production team of **Richard D. Zanuck** and **David Brown**, who brought you **PLANET OF THE APES**, is at the helm for this one at Universal.

Some of the excitement at the recent **Horror Festival** in **Stages, Spain**, was generated by such entries as **Japan's LAKE OF ORACULA**, the **British DODMWATCH** and the **Czechoslovakian THE CORPSE BURNER**. The latter walked away with silver medal awards for best cinematography and **Rudolf Hrusny**, its star, for best actor.

Capetown, S. Africa, of all places, became the site for **DIE SPIDK VAN OONKERGAT** or **THE GHOST OF OONKERGAT**. Two local radio personalities are playing the leads for this flick from **Capital Films**.

Out of a package including westerns and comedies and other films being set for release by **Paramount Pictures**, I find a couple of titles of interest to us: **PARADISE OF TERROR**, **HORROR FROM BEYOND**, **TERROR IN 2A**, **SEVEN MURDERS FOR SCOTLAND YARD**, **THE HORRIBLE SEXY VAMPIRE** (I'm not quite sure how to title that) and **WHEN WOMEN PLAYED DING DONG**. (That last one might be a mistake... on their part that is!)



## "FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

Everyone this side of **STAR TREK** knows about the world's most renowned sci-fi character, **FLASH GORDON**. Flash and companion-in-assault **Dale Arden**, and the ever-despicable **Ming The Merciless**—have made the scene just about everywhere. Starting off as a comic strip, then transferred to the screen, it even made television and comic books. Of Flash has been around, and now to chronicle all those trials and tribulations comes **HERITAGE**—devoted to Flash and Flash alone.

**HERITAGE** has just about everything for the Flash fan, or even the most casual reader. Is it comic strips you want? Well, there's **Jeff Jones** and **Mike Kalata** and **Frank Reamer** to name a few. It is an article that you desire? You won't find a better one than "Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by **TMT's own Al Asherman**. They don't come more informative than this, people. Are portfolios your bag? We **Gray Morrow** and **Kenneth Smith** contributions fill the bill. Not to mention illustrations by **Fritz Frazetta** and **Reed Crandall**. And if it's an interview you demand, don't go away. **Heritage** has a long, free-wheeling discussion with **Mr. Buster Crabbe**—"Flash in the flesh", if you will—conducted by none other than **Al**.

**Williamson**, **Flash Gordon's** greatest fan. And still? Like you wouldn't believe.

And in case you're worried that this super Flash keepsake is fragile, forget it. This 96 page masterpiece is printed on superheavy... super-dick stock bound to last several lifetimes. The cover is illustrated in full color by the original Flash delineator, **Alex Raymond**. And the cost? Fifteen dollars you say? Ten dollars? No, sir, this book is available from the friendly folk at **The Monster Times** for only \$3.95 and 25 cents postage and handling. So what are you waiting for?

The Monster Times, 11 West 17 Street, Dept. H, New York, N.Y. 10011

Give Monster Times,

Please include me \_\_\_\_\_ names of the all-Flash Gordon **HERITAGE** Edition \$3.95 plus 25 cents postage and handling for each copy. A total of \$3.75... a bargain!

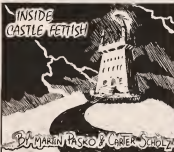
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Zip \_\_\_\_\_



WELCOME TO CASTLE FETTISH... I'M FETTISH... DR. LASZLO R! NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL...UH... WE WERE JUST PASSING THROUGH... AND THE CAR BROKE DOWN... AND WE NEED A PLACE TO STAY

"FETTISH"?

...I'LL HAVE MY SERVANT, ELMO, FIX YOUR CAR BY MORNING! YOU'LL LIKE THE GUEST-ROOM... IT HAS AN EASTERN EXPOSURE --- OVERLOOKING THE SWAMP!

WHOA... WHAT WAS THAT?

OH... THAT? THAT'S JUST THE SHUTTERS RATTILING!

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## NEXT ISSUE!

Next time around we've got an exclusive report on an all-out effort to create a new horror superstar on the order of Frankenstein and Dracula. DR. DEATH's his name and transferring souls his game—and his creators are determined to make him bigger than FRANK, bigger than DRACULA, and nothing short of a household name, even for those unfortunates who belong to a normal household. TMT West Coast Correspondent Mark Ewener will tell the tale about the making of DR. DEATH... who may turn out to be... Tomorrow's Sinister Supersstar.

Meanwhile, back at the lab, the usual crew of mad medicals will be wreaking havoc again in Gary Garen's complete filmbook of TARANTULA, the giant spider



who wanted to conquer the world. Monsters tend to be notoriously conformist when it comes to choosing careers. Gary Garen adds the monstrous question, "Is This Any Way To Sell A Movie?" and proceeds to answer that rhetorical query by taking you behind the scenes into the dark dens of the studio publicity departments where the *Soldier Man* Who Wouldn't Die hold forth. You'll see artwork and posters from some of the most outrageous monster movie ad campaigns ever concocted and thrill as these brilliant hacks reach for your wallet. Also on hand is a look at HERCULES IN THE COMICS and a profile on Philadelphia's favorite fiend, DR. SHOCK.

In addition to all our regular features, we'll also be kicking off a new one, our Late Film Round-Up, being a survey and review of all the latest fright films that we haven't gotten around to before. So it looks like it will all add up to another issue, the kind that has earned THE MONSTER TIMES the name, "The Thinking Man's Monster Paper."

## The Monster Times



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# The Monster Times

Drac's back and TMT's got 'im . . . in our exclusive preview of Hammer Film's latest vampire epic, DRACULA A.D. 1972. Chris Lee, who stars again as the unconquerable Count, speaks his mind about his portrayals in a TMT interview, too. All this and more about the return of the Count can be uncovered on page 10. We'd also like to take this opportunity to urge all our readers to cast their votes in the 1ST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL, an important public service feature commencing on page 13 (our lucky number, by the way). Also on view herein are the adventures of PERRY RHODAN, pulp superstar; the trials and tribulations of THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS; the tragedy of WILLIS O'BRIEN'S MISSING MONSTERS; and some never-welcome "comic relief" provided by SEYMOUR. And just in case you happen to find any material of a relevant and vital nature inside, please accept our apologies in advance.

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